

THE *1485 dd 1.*
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED.

Ne Rubeam, pingui donatus Munere !

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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THE
FIRST EPISTLE

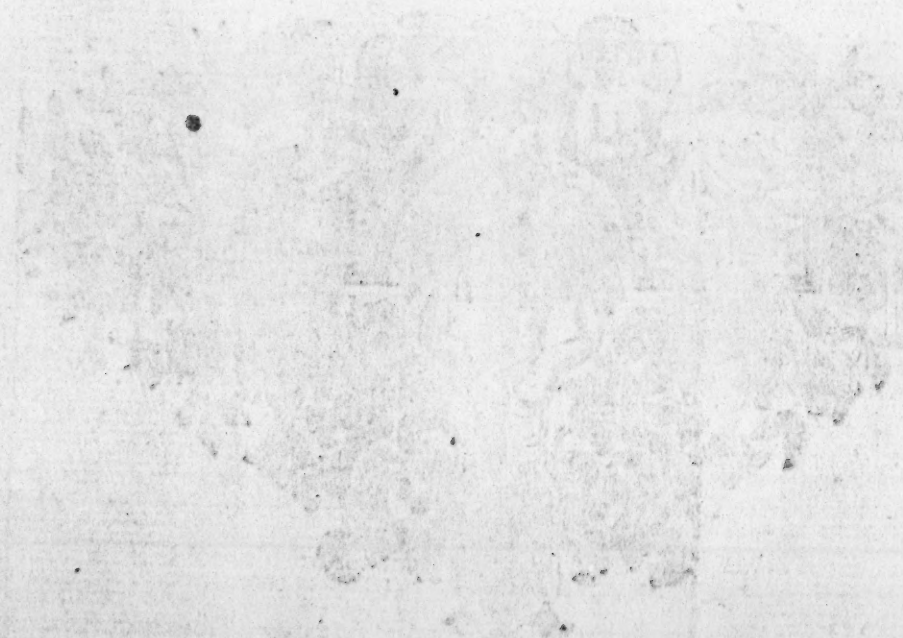
OF THE

SECOND BOOK



HORACE

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments* past in this *Epistle to Augustus*, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to His Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an Absolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two such, as contribute to the Happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This *Epistle* will show the learned World to have fallen into two mistakes; one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescere, &c.* The other to imagine this Piece to be a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it is an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the
Town,

Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age ; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre ; and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shews (by a view of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors, that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained : that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful ; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility ; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State ; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince, by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

THE



THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK of HORACE.

¹ **W**Hile You, great Patron of Mankind, sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal?

² Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,

B

After

¹ *Cum tot sustineas, &c.*

² *Romulus, et Liber pater, &c.*

After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the World reform'd ;
 Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind !
 All human Virtue to its latest breath
 Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each Star of meaner merit fades away ;
 Oppress'd we feel the Beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

³ To Thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, but mature the Praise :
 Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a Name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame :
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Wonder

Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

⁴ Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest.
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for Folly dead and gone.
Authors, like Coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly * Skelton Heads of Houses quote :
One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;
A Scot will fight for † Christ's Kirk o' the Green ;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the ‡ Devil.

⁵ Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our Sires?

In

⁴ *Sed tuus hoc populus, &c.*

⁵ *Si, quia Græcorum sunt, &c.*

* Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a Volume of whose Verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of Ribaldry, Obscenity, and Billingsgate Language.

† Christ's Kirk o' the Green, a Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

‡ The Devil Tavern, where Ben. Johnson held his Poetical Club.

In ev'ry publick Virtue we excell,
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
 And learned Athens to our Art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

⁶ If Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine ?
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
 End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t' immortalize ?

“ Who lasts a Century can have no flaw,
 “ I hold that Wit a Classick, good in law.

⁷ Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
 And shall we deem him Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all Eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a Modern, and a Dunce ?

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
 “ By Courtesy of England, he may do.

⁸ Then, by the rule that made the Horse-tail bare ;
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

And

⁶ *Si meliora dies, ut vina, &c.*

⁷ *Quid ? qui deperit minor, &c.*

⁸ *Utor permissio, caudæque, &c.*

And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow :
 While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
 And estimating Authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.

⁹ Shakespear *, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.

Who now reads Cowley ? if he pleases yet,
 His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit ;
 Forgot his Epic, nay † Pindaric Art,
 But still I love the language of his Heart.

“ ¹⁰ Yet surely, surely, these were famous men !
 “ What Boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ?
 “ In all debates where Criticks bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

C

“ Of

* *Ennius*, (& sapiens, & fortis, &c.

¹⁰ *Adeo sanctum est*, &c.

* Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of Immortal Fame, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage ; the other in his Latter works in general, which *Dryden* calls his *Dotages*.
 † —*Pindaric* art, which has much more merit than his *Epic* : but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of *Pindar*.

" Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
 " How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
 " How Shadwell * hasty, Wycherly was slow;
 " But, for the Passions, Southern fure and Rowe.
 " These, only these, support the crouded stage,
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.

" All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
 To † Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then I say, the Publick is a fool.
 But let them own, that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ‡ obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:

Milton's

* *Interdum vulgus, &c.*

* *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But this Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

† *Gammer Gurton*, a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries.

‡ *Spenser too much affects the obsolete.*] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal Measures, as well as the Language, of Chaucer.

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a School-Divine.
 Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
 Like flashing Bentley with his desp'rate Hook ;
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool
 At Court, who hates whate'er he read at School.

¹² But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease ;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling Stars the Miscellanies o'er)
 One Simile, that solitary shines
 In the dry Desert of a thousand lines,
 Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a page,
 Has sanctify'd whole Poems for an age.

¹³ I lose my patience, and I own it too,
 When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new ;
 While if our Elders break all Reason's laws,
 These fools demand not Pardon, but Applause.

¹⁴ On

¹² —*Sed emendata videri, &c.*

¹³ *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, &c.*

¹⁴ On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow?
 One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
 Which Betterton's grave Action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, * a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former Reign,
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his Father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
¹⁵ He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 Had ancient Times conspir'd to dis-allow
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or

¹⁴ *Recti necne crocum, &c.*

¹⁵ *Jam Saliare Numæ carmen, &c.*

* *A muster-roll of Names.*] An absurd Custom of several Actors, to pronounce with Emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Criticks of the mighty Dead?

¹⁶ In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd ;
In every Taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
* “ All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd.”
Then Peers grew proud in † Horsemanship t' excell,
New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell ;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then Marble soften'd into life grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
Lely on animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court ;
‡ On each enervate string they taught the Note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

D But

¹⁶ *Ut primum positis nugari, &c.*

* *A Verse of the Lord Lansdown.*

† — *In Horsemanship t' excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*
The Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship : the Romance of *Parthenissa*,
by the Earl of Orrery, and all the French Romances translated by *Persons of*
Quality.

‡ *On each enervate string, &c.* The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant,
the first Opera sung in England.

¹⁷ But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause.

¹⁸ Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock
 His servants up, and rise by five a clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to Church, his Son to school.
 To worship like his Fathers was his care ;
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir ;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good Security, his Gold.

¹⁹ Now Times are chang'd, and one Poetick Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, Poor and Rich :
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the Bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at Table is a Song.

I,

Sub matrice puella velut, &c.

Romæ dulce diu fuit, &c.

Maurit. Henrici populus levis, &c.

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye,
 Not -----'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I ;
 When, sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to ryme no more ;
 We wake next morning in a raging Fit,
 And call for Pen and Ink to show our Wit.

²⁰ He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop ;

* Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop ;
 Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle ?
 (Should Ripley venture, all the World would smile)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All ryme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

²¹ Yet Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great ;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State :
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind ;
 And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

Allow

²⁰ *Navem agere ignarus navis timet, &c.*

²¹ *Hic errat tamen et levis, &c.*

* *Ward.*] A famous Empirick, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of Writing and Conversation at this time.

Allow him but his Play-thing of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 Flight of Cashiers, or Fires, he'll never mind;
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
 And then — a perfect Hermit in his Diet.
²² Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And (* tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
 What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in publick with some sort of grace.

²² *Militæ quanquam piger & malus, &c.*

* *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity; (*non bene relicta parmula*,) in the battle of Philippi. — It is manifest he alludes to himself in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit siliquis & pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscuris—Mox etiam peccus—Rectè facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardon'd, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a King,
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or un-believing Court.
 Unhappy Dryden! ----- In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted Bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly strains)
 No whiter page than Addison remains.

²³ He, from the taste obscene reclaims our Youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth;
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supply'd her Laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd.
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
 Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor*.

E

Proud

²³ *Torquet ab obscænis, &c.*

* A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of Money on demand.

Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms ;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms ;
²⁴ The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could Devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse ?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain,
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And Heav'n is won by violence of Song.

²⁵ Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care :

The

²⁴ *Disceret unde preces, &c.*

²⁵ *Agricolæ prisca, fortes, &c.*

The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
²⁶ With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And Taunts alternate innocently flew.

But Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesom dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

²⁷ We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms :
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.

* Waller

²⁶ *Fescennina per hunc inventa, &c.*

²⁷ *Gracia capta, ferum victorem, &c.*

* Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.
 Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.

²⁸ Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden, wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
²⁹ Some doubt, if equal pains or equal fire
 The humbler Muse of Comedy require?
 But in known Images of life I guess
 The labour greater, as th' Indulgence less.

Observe

²⁸ *Quid Sophocles, & Thespis, &c.*

²⁹ *Creditur, ex medio, &c.*

* Mr. Waller about this time, with the E. of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed ?
 What pert low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how loosely does * Afræa tread,
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed :
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !
 But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

³⁰ O you ! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praise ;
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply ;
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows !
 Farewel the stage ! if just as thrives the Play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

³¹ There still remains to mortify a Wit,
 The many-headed Monster of the Pit :

F

A

³⁰ *Quem tulit ad scenam, &c.*

³¹ *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat, &c.*

* Afra Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c.

A sense-less, worth-less, and unhonour'd crowd ;
 Who to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks, before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
 For Farce the people true delight affords,
 Farce, long the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords ;
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
 The Play stands still ; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Herald, Bishops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn ;
 The Champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
 * Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast !
³² With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the fight !

Ah

³¹ *Si foret in terris, &c.*

* The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses tried with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
 While all its throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves on * Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat,
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd
 Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters ---- hark! the Universal Peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
 "What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 Cato's long Wig, flowr'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
³³ Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
 To know the Poet from the Man of Rymes:

'Tis

³³ *Ac ne forte putes, me, &c.*

* *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.

'Tis He, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns,
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart ;
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

³⁴ But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their Mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill * a Library with Wit,
 When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet ?

³⁵ My Liege !, why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :

The

³⁴ *Verum age, & his, &c.*

³⁵ *Multa quidem nobis, &c.*

* *Munus Apolline dignum.*] The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.
 † *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a
 small, but choice Collection of Books.

The season, when to come, and when to go,
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt our selves, when to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
 Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;
 And from the moment we oblige the town,
 Expect a Place, or Pension from the Crown;
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
 Be call'd to Court, to plan some work divine,
 As once for LOÜIS, Boileau and Racine.

³⁷ Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

G

²⁸ Charles,

³⁷ *Sed tamen est operæ pretium, &c.*

³⁸ Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
 Affign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed :
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning spirit.
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
 Which made old Ben, and furly Dennis swear,
 " No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."

³⁹ Not with such Majesty, such bold relief,
 The Forms august of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on Marble ; as in Verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd Verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
 What seas you travers'd! and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barb'rous rage subside'd at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!

How,

³⁸ *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno, &c.*

³⁹ *Nec magis expressi vultus, &c.*

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 Till Earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne ----
 But Verse alas! your Majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
 The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 40 A vile Encomium doubly ridicules;
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools;
 If true, a woful likeness, and if lyes,
 " Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise: "
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
 Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

40 *Nil moror officium quod me gravat, &c.*

(23)

How, when you trodded, o'er the land and deep,
I saw thee, her wings, and swept the world in sleep;
Till time's extremes your meditation own,
And all's Tyrants tremble at your Throne.
But Vain alas! your Majesty's disdain;
And that not us'd to Panegyric strains;
The Nod of Fools offends at any time,
But more of all, the Nod of Fools in rhyme.
Hence, a true satire on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Epicurism doubly ridiculous;
There's nothing blacker than the ink of fools;
Is true, a woful likeness, and it lies,
Praise underv'd is scandal in disguise.
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things,
As Euboe, Philips, Scotto, writ of Kings)
Clash force, line trunk, or rattling in a row,
Hurling the rails of Bedlam and Solio.



At the request of the Hon. the Lords of the Treasury, &c.

F I W I S